

# FLANIGAN, THE LODGER

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Since the day that I got married, I kicked and cursed myself,  
My wife and Mr. Flanigan has put me on the shelf;  
It is me that gets the water, while the lodger gets the tay;  
And every night before I sleep, to them I have to say:

CHORUS

Am I a man, or am I a mouse,  
Am I a dacent married man or dodger?  
I'd like to know who's the boss of the house,  
Is it me or Flanigan, the lodger?

Mister Flanigan does nothing, he leads a dandy life,  
And every week I get my pay, he shares it with my wife;  
He takes her out to matinees, he does the tra-la-loo,  
While with the kids I stop at home to play the peek-a-boo.

Am I a man, or am I a mouse, &c.

When it's home I come to supper, as hungry as can be,  
I find them munching steaks and chops, the bones they leave for me;  
Then my wife she fills the growler, but it's ne'er a sup have I,  
Although I pay for every pint that she goes out to buy.

Am I a man, or am I a mouse, &c.

Now the kids are bossed by Flanigan, who pulls them by the ear,  
And there's the devil and all to pay if I should interfere;  
And to some fine moonlight picnic, then the pair of them will skip,  
Then Flanigan takes my Sunday clothes to wear upon the trip.

Am I a man, or am I a mouse, &c.

Oh, I'll fill me up some evening with Casey's best benzine,  
And walk into this Flanigan, the finest ever seen;  
Sure I'll bounce him, and his baggage down a sewer I will toss;  
I'll let that wife of mine soon know which one of us is boss.

SPOKEN—My wife came home at five o'clock in the morning, and she says  
to me: "Jerry," "What is it?" says I. "Go out and get me roller  
skates," says she. "Bad luck to you," says I, "I'll go and bring ye the  
police station, for

Am I a man, or am I a mouse. &c.

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